

Dinner For Two

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Summary: Joe cooks an omelet and Cameron comes by with tacos. What exactly happened before the beginning of episode 6 that put them in Joe's bed together?

Dinner For Two

Title: _Dinner For Two_

Author: LegolasLover2003 aka Ashley

Category: TV "Halt and Catch Fire"

Genre: General

Rating: T

Disclaimer: I do not own any rights to _Halt and Catch Fire_, I just have this semi-unhealthy adoration of it...

THANK YOU AMC FOR RENEWING HCF! CONGRATS TO LEE PACE & THE REST OF THE CAST FOR A SECOND SEASON! WOOT!**

Note: This story takes place right before the beginning of episode 6 wherein we find Cameron at Joe's apartment and them in bed.

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Dinner For Two

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This wasn't like him... at all.

Standing in the tiny kitchen of his apartment, Joe MacMillan pushed his blue sleeves up further above his elbows before grabbing a black plastic spatula from the drawer on his left. Strangely enough, the man did cook for himself when the occasion allowed. Usually he was too busy and so most days his fridge stocked the bare essentials... like milk. His pantry was almost as poorly kept as well, having ground coffee and bread. Joe's normal morning consisted of coffee and

a piece of toast, maybe a glass of milk, but certainly nothing fancy. If he had wanted that, or had the time for it, he would have just got something on the run into work. But when he knew he'd have a few days for the weekend... well that was about the only time a person would ever find MacMillan in a grocery store.

So here he was, making an omelet of all things; packed full of peppers and onion and sausage. The original intention had been for his own dinner, yet somehow along the way it turned into a dinner for two.

Joe still wasn't certain how she had managed to invite herself to dinner... then again when Cameron got "stuck" as she put it, she tended to get whatever the hell she wanted. Not that Joe minded half the time of course. Cameron was attractive, they were in the same general field, and in truth she certainly wasn't the sort that his father would have approved of. Something about the way Cameron acted... her free spirit... while it pissed MacMillan off to no end, it also attracted him to her in a way that the man really couldn't explain.

Thus, Joe was using the spatula to flip the eggs over the interior ingredients for his two person omelet. He heard the door open, no knocking of course since she had a key to the place anyway, then the door close. A few seconds later Cameron poked her head around the corner into the kitchen, with a smile. She was holding a takeout bag.

Her smile fell. "Oh... I didn't think you cooked."

Joe arched an eyebrow at her, "I'd starve if I didn't."

The woman blinked in confusion, immediately walking over to the refrigerator. "But your fridge is..." she opened the door and blinked again. "...empty... Why is there food here?"

"I went to the store." he replied as if it made perfect sense.

Inside however, the man was smirking at the look of shock that must be playing across the usually confident woman's face.

Sighing slightly, Joe turned the burner on low and set the spatula down, his hands pushing up his sleeves again in an unconscious act before folding his arms over his chest. "I see you brought dinner."

"Yeah... Tacos..." Cameron said, moving to look in his pantry next and finding that it had food too. "Seriously. Why do you have food? _You_ never have food."

He sighed again, tilting his head to the side. "And now I do. It'll get eaten and then there won't be food again. Satisfied?"

Cameron turned and looked at him before glancing down at the stove. "Aww, that's cute."

"What is?" Joe asked in confusion, following her gaze. "It's just dinner."

"You never struck me as the homemaker type." she continued, setting the hot tacos on the counter. "Omelet and tacos. Not the best combination but I've had worse."

MacMillan smirked slightly, "Who said the omelet was for you?"

The woman stopped, "Well who said the tacos were for you?" she quipped back, grabbing a plate from the cabinet in front of her.

"Good. I hate tacos." Joe replied as he reached over her head and grabbed his own plate.

Cameron laughed, "Nobody hates tacos." she chided, waving the comment away as she quickly pulled them out of the bag and set two on her plate.

But Joe returned to the stove, picking up the spatula and scooping his perfectly made omelet onto his own plate. "I hate tacos. They're... messy."

"What are you, OCD or something?" she asked before blinking in realization and looking into his living room. "Oh my god, you are!"

"What?"

"You are so OCD!"

"I am not." Joe replied seriously, grabbing a fork from a nearby drawer.

"Yes you are! Look at your apartment, Joe! There's nothing here. Your closet is like a damn clothing store front window for god-sake! You're totally OCD." a huge smile plastered itself on Cameron's face. "You make so much more sense to me now."

Rolling his eyes, Joe walked around her and over to the desk that served as a makeshift dinner table. "I don't like tacos because they get your hands dirty and everything falls out of them. Burritos I've no issue with." he replied, trying to explain himself. "My clothes are like that because it's just easier and quicker to get dressed then rummaging around in a suitcase or bag like you do." the quip was meant to sting but he continued before she could dwell on it for too long. "There's nothing in my apartment because I'm hardly ever here."

"What about your sleeves then?" Cameron asked, following him with her plate of tacos and pulling the black lounge chair over to the desk. "Explain the sleeves."

"What about them?" he replied, looking at his arms. "I..."

But the woman smirked again. "You're always pushing them up. ALWAYS. Explain it."

"It's hot?" Joe said before laughing and running one hand through his hair. "Cameron, the humidity here about chokes me. It's hotter than hell. It's nice to let my skin breathe a little."

"And yet you still wear long sleeves and suits and..."

"It's business."

"Uh huh." Cameron replied with a smirk as she picked up her newly unwrapped taco.

Joe had sat down behind the desk, his fork cutting through the omelet and allowing him to eat it without all the mess of those tacos. But then the man licked his lips slightly and fixed her in his green gaze. "Look, I am not OCD."

"See now it's bothering you that I even suggested it. You're an OCD control freak." Cameron said, her smirk turning more mischievous. Before MacMillan could suggest otherwise however, she continued. "It's kinda sexy, you know..."

Dinner lasted a grand ten more minutes before Cameron's comments about Joe's personality being sexy lead to a bit more than omelets and tacos...

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><p>The End

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><p>Author's Notes:

>I have come to the conclusion Joe is OCD because of the following things.
- His sleeves. He is constantly messing with them and pushing them up all the time.

>- His apartment has NOTHING IN IT except somewhere to sleep and sit.
- His closet is ridiculous and the way his ties are all rolled up on top of glass... yeah...

>- When Cameron hands his Comdex notes back to him and there's mustardketchup on it and he kinda mini-freaks in the car.

>- The fact that he wrapped an entire hotel room meticulously in plastic wrap with such attention to detail.
- When he looked in Cameron's work space and had this look of utter disgust at the mess on his face.

>Really the ONLY time he wasn't very OCD was in episode 6 when he was messing with Donna's kids and the flashlights. It's like kids make him stop being OCD, hahaha. There's just something about Joe that screams that every little movement and word is carefully planned out and he really is a total control freak. But yeah I get the mental sense that mess just messes with him.<p>

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><p>Muse Moments:

>Nil rubs her forehead, "These headaches are driving me insane..."
"Least this new obsession is keeping my skin from being scratched or torn or bruised or bleeding or any other number of things you tend to torment me with." Legolas replies with a yawn, laying on the sofa with his eyes closed and listening to the U2 cd playing in the background.

>"Yeah well you'll be tortured soon enough. I'm on a Joe kick." Nil says, rubbing her temples. "Damn headache..."
"I like her being on a me kick." Joe speaks up from where he's flipping through a magazine. "This website needs more... me." he adds with a smirk.

>Nil laughs, "That it does. That it does. Oh and you guys got renewed! Lee Pace tweeted it the other day... along with an adorable picture."
"Does that mean you're excited to see what I come back acting like this time?" Joe asks with a raised eyebrow. "I did do a lot of soul searching after all..."
>Nil smirks. "I can't wait. But you and Cameron better get together or I'll be pissed."<p>

End
file.